

Because of You

by Jodha

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Summary: Draco stayed away from the Malfoy Manor for four years.

After stepping into his old home, four years later, everything changes.

1. Chapter 1

The Secret

"Mother, you should have called earlier."

Draco held his mother's hand, squeezing it tightly. Narcissa was lying on her bed. She looked weak and sickly, and could barely open her eyes.

"You didn't want to come back home."

Draco sighed. This was true. Four years ago, they had an argument. Narcissa wanted her son to stay with her at their Manor. Draco couldn't stand staying in that house with horrible memories. He wanted to go out and become independent, redeem himself.

"I've contacted my friend at St. Mungo's. They're going to send someone to check up on you soon."

Draco sat down on the bed beside her and kissed Narcissa gently on her forehead.

"Who will they be sending?"

Draco pulled up the sheets around his mother, so she wouldn't get cold.

"It's Theodore Nott, mother. He's a trainee healer and a qualified mediwizard, he'll be able to help." He assured.

Narcissa closed her eyes. Draco grabbed her hand again. He felt

guilty for leaving, but he knew if he hadn't, he would have regretted it as well. His mother didn't want to be alone, but he had wanted nothing more.

After leaving home, he had attended Durmstrang Institute, to finish off his last year of wizarding school. Draco didn't know what else to do, but a fresh start was what he needed. He had always been interested in Potions, and decided that he wanted to become a potioneer. Draco knew that if he had stayed back, he wouldn't have been able to come this far.

A house elf walked into the room.

"Your guest is here, sir."

"Thank you, Daisy."

Draco stood up and walked out his mother's room. Theodore was quietly waiting outside in the hallway. He had a small leather bag in his hand, and he looked nervous. That's how his friends felt whenever they came to the Manor. It didn't look welcoming.

When he saw Draco, he gave him a small smile.

"Thank you coming, Theo." Draco said, as the men shook hands.

"No 's see your mother now, shall we."

Draco led his old friend to the bedroom.

Narcissa's eyes were still closed, and it looked like she had fallen asleep. Theodore set his bag down beside the bed. Draco conjured up a chair for Theo, and he took a seat. Theo gently took Narcissa's hand. After a minute he put it down, and opened her eyes.

"Any symptoms you could tell me about?"

"Well she's had a fever, and a terrible headache. I closed the curtains because she said the light was hurting her eyes. She almost fell yesterday when I came to meet her, so I've made her stay in bed."

Theodore nodded.

"Well, I'm afraid we're going to have to take her to St. Mungo's."

"Why?" Draco asked. He kneeled down beside his mother's bed and took her hand.

"She's got a muggle disease, Draco."

"Well then it should be easy to fix."

Theo shook his head.

"It's the toxic phase. You can see her skin has a yellow tinge, and her heart rate is slow. We have to take her immediately so we can reverse all this. I won't be able to do this myself."

Draco took a deep breath. He would do anything for his mother.

"Alright."

Theo stood up.

"I'm going to call encase her pseudo atmosphere so I can apparate, without her feeling any discomfort. You however, will have to come the old-fashioned way."

Draco nodded. He waited for Theo to leave with his mother before he followed.

* * *

><p>Draco arrived at St. Mungo's half an hour later. He made his way to the desk and asked for Theo.</p>

"Draco, over here."

Draco turned around and saw Theo waving him over.

"Where's my mother?" Draco asked.

"She's been looked at by the Head Healer. She'll be able to tell you everything in just a while."

Theo took Draco to end of a long corridor and asked him to sit across from his mother's room. He excused himself, and walked away.

Draco looked down at his hands. He didn't like not knowing everything. He wanted everything to be in his control, and he felt so lost right now. Draco blamed himself for his mother's sickness.

A young woman walked out of the room. She had bright pink hair, and looked barely 18.

"Sir, you may come in now."

Draco followed her, eager to see his mother.

Narcissa was sitting up now, and she looked much better. She was talking to a woman wearing a long black robe, and when she saw Draco she gave him a smile.

"Mother, you're looking better now."

Draco rushed over, and gave her a kiss.

"Yes, thanks to this lovely woman."

Draco turned around to thank her and was caught by surprise.

"No need to thank me." Hermione said.

Draco stood up and straightened his robes.

"Thank you for helping Gran- , sorry, Ms. Granger."

Hermione ignored him, instead she looked toward his mother.

"Could you tell me if you had been away for travel, because it would be highly unlikely for you to contact yellow fever here in Britain."

Narcissa lowered her head, and her smile faded. Draco answered for her.

"No, mother hasn't gone out of Britain since I was in fourth year. When we went to Hawaii, right?" He asked to confirm, looking at his mother.

Narcissa avoided his gaze. She took a deep breath, and looked to Hermione.

"I was in South Africa, three weeks ago."

Hermione made a note of it.

"Alright, well we're going to keep you here for a week at least. Make sure there's nothing to worry about. I'll check up on you in an hour."

Hermione left, and Draco turned to his mother.

"What were you doing in South Africa? Why didn't you tell me?"

Narcissa reached for Draco's hands.

"I'm sorry, my love. I wasn't sure what I was looking for, but I needed to go."

Draco shook his head.

"If you needed anything, you could have sent someone. You could have called and asked me, mother. You know I would do anything for you."

Narcissa smiled slightly and put her hand on Draco's cheek.

"Sweet boy. You know me so well. But there's some things you don't know about me."

"Then please tell me."

Narcissa let go of his hands.

"Not today. My head feels heavy, I'm going to lay down for a while."

Narcissa rearranged the sheets on the hospital bed and leaned back. Draco shook his head in frustration. His mother never kept anything from him. They had both always told each other everything, no matter what.

Draco walked over to a chair beside the bed and sat down. He wasn't going to leave until she told him what she was keeping from him.

* * *

><p>Hey there! New story, still working on the old one. I'm not sure if I'll keep working on this one, but if you like it, let me know.</p>

Make sure to review, favourite, follow.

2. Chapter 2

II. Frustration

Draco fell asleep while waiting for his mother to wake up. When he woke up, Hermione, and Theo were back in the room standing on either side of Narcissa. Draco quickly got up.

"What's going on?"

Hermione didn't turn around. She continued to write down something on her little board. Theo mouthed 'wait' to Draco.

Draco walked around to the foot on the bed. He looked down to his mother whose eyes were closed.

Hermione put her quill in her pocket and looked to Theo.

"Please have her transferred to the room with the medic's desk. She has to be under constant watch tonight."

Theo nodded.

"I'll go check and to make sure everything is ready."

Theo left the room quickly.

Draco turned to Hermione. He wanted answers, and Hermione was just giving him attitude.

"What is wrong?" He asked once more.

Hermione didn't look up while answering.

"She's comatose. We aren't sure what's caused it yet, but she may have come in contact with some other sort of disease in the past two weeks."

Draco felt his heart skip a beat. How could this happen? He couldn't let anything happen to his mother. She was the only one who mattered to him.

He walked over to Hermione and grabbed her arm.

"I don't care if you're still mad at me Granger. If you can't take care of my mother, tell me. I'll take her to someone who will."

Hermione looked up and glared at him. She freed her arm and stepped back.

"You don't matter to me Malfoy. Every patient is the same to me, no matter what history I share with them. Your mother is my patient so she will receive the best care that I can provide for her."

She was angry. How dare he touch her, she thought.

Draco took a step towards her. He was much taller than her.

"I still have many contacts Granger, including most of the administration of this hospital. So yes, please do provide the best care you can, or you'll be jobless very fast."

He stood towering over her, and she never looked away.

"Ma'am, the room is ready."

They hadn't noticed that Theo had came in. Draco took a step back, and Hermione walked around to Theo.

"Make sure you explain to your friend, there are no visitors allowed after 6 on my wing."

Draco came back to St. Mungo's early in the morning. He hadn't been able to sleep, he could only think about his mother.

Draco waited outside of the door. He had sent an owl to Theo earlier, and he had told him to wait for him, so he could take him to his mother.

Theo arrived five minutes later, out of breath. He had two coffee cups in his hand.

"I don't drink coffee."

Theo opened the door to the wing with his elbow.

"The other one is for Hermione, mate." He said, smiling.

Draco rolled his eyes.

"And why are you all dressed up?" Theo asked.

Draco was wearing formal black dress robes, with a sleek, green tie.

"I have a meeting actually. In about four hours."

"With who?"

"Oh, just an old friend."

They arrived to Narcissa's room. Theo waited for Draco to open the door and they walked in.

Hermione was already by Narcissa's side, holding up a potion bottle filled with bright blue liquid. When she saw them walk in, she put it down and stepped back from the bed.

Narcissa was awake, but she was laying down. Draco walked over to his mother's side and smiled.

"Hello, mother."

Narcissa gave him a slight smile. She was tired, and her entire body was aching, but she reached over to her son.

"Theo, make sure you administer a dose of this potion right here once every half hour. Should be able to eat soon, so you need to make sure she gets a healthy meal. No fats or carbs."

"Alright."

"Oh and make sure she doesn't get stressed. She needs to rest today." Hermione said, making a point of looking at Draco.

Draco saw, but didn't react. He leaned down and kissed his mother's hand.

Hermione took two more vials of the potion out of her robes and placed them on the table beside the bed before leaving.

* * *

><p>Hermione made her rounds throughout her wing. Before she checked up on Narcissa, she decided to go on a lunch break.</p>

Hermione usually ate at the lounge on the top floor. It had a small drink bar on one side and four tables in the middle. Hermione sat down at her usual seat in the corner, and opened up her bag. Today she was having a salad and salmon.

Hermione had just began to eat when two men walked into the lounge. She looked up and saw Draco with one of her bosses, Sibha Shah. He was quite young, but very strict. Hermione got up to greet him.

"Ah, hello Ms. Granger. I'd like you to meet a dear friend of mine, Draco Malfoy."

Hermione gave him a slight nod, but when she saw Shah looking at her, she reached out to shake his hand.

"We've met before, Sibha. Actually, she's the one who's been taking care of my mother."

Draco smirked.

Hermione couldn't believe they were friends. If he was true to his words, he could really get her kicked from her job. Suddenly, she felt sick.

"Ms. Granger, I would like you to accompany us for some tea at my office, if you're done with your lunch?"

Hermione nodded, that was all she could manage. She quickly packed up her bag, putting the rest of her lunch away. Her appetite was gone.

She followed the two men quietly, as they talked about Sibha's life. When they arrived at his office, he offered them a seat in front of his desk. Hermione reluctantly sat down. Sibha called for an elf to

bring them all tea.

"Sibha, you know I want the best care for my mother. She means the world to me."

"Of course, Draco. I assure you, Ms. Granger is one of the brightest witches that I have had the honor of working with. She will take excellent care of Mrs. Malfoy."

Hermione looked down at her hands. She could feel her heart beating inside her chest.

"Well if you say so."

"If there is anything we can do to make your mother's recovery easier for you and her, please let me or Ms. Granger know."

Hermione didn't respond. She already regretted saying anything to Draco before.

"Well, I would like her to be back home, if that's possible. Her treatment could be done from there."

Hermione thought she misheard. He wanted to take his mother home? What an imbecile. St. Mungo's was the best place she could be right now.

"That sounds like an excellent idea!" Sibha exclaimed. "She could be treated from home and she will feel much better in that atmosphere, don't you agree Ms. Granger?"

Both men looked toward Hermione.

"Yes, sir." Hermione said quietly.

Sibha smiled brightly.

"Well it's settled then. Ms. Granger will transport your mother back home, and she will personally take care of your mother until she is back to full health."

Hermione was in shock. Working for Draco, in his own home. No way.

"Sir, I can't just focus on one patient." Hermione protested. "I have many more, I can't pick one over any of them."

Sibha held his hand up.

"Nonsense Ms. Granger. It's a great time for you to help Mrs. Malfoy. We have many more trainees who can pick up the slack, and you've personally trained them all, so I know they'll be up to the task."

"Of course, sir."

She looked over at Draco, who had that stupid smirk on his face. Ferret.

"Sorry, did you say something?" He asked her.

"Excuse me sir, I have a patient to attend to."

Hermione walked out the room quickly. It took all her willpower to not slam the door behind her. She was frustrated. She didn't want to see his face, let alone go to the very place where she was tortured, every single day.

* * *

><p>Review, favourite, follow!</p>

End
file.